

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Vol. I.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., JANUARY, 1875.

No. 8.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Published Monthly, by J. Van Court, at 50 cents a year, in advance.—To be issued about the middle of the month.

Rates of Advertising.

Three Lines.	5 Lines.	1 Square.	One Column.
1 time, \$ 25	\$ 50	\$1 00	5 00
2 times, 40	75	1 75	8 00
3 " 60	1 00	2 25	11 00
6 " 1 00	2 00	4 00	20 00
9 " 1 50	3 00	6 00	28 00
12 " 2 00	4 00	8 00	35 00

Other sizes in the same proportion, or by special agreement.

When LINES are mentioned, they must be understood of the small type as used in the body of the work.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSESWAY POTTS.

"ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE" is one of the most interesting monthlies we receive, and suited especially to the Home circle, old and young. It has a number of excellent correspondents, in addition to the writings of T. S. Arthur himself, so well and favorably known as an author for many years past.

Among the correspondents is one who writes under the name of "Pipsesway Potts," and heads her series of articles "The Deacon's Household." She seems to be possessed of a fund of knowledge on nearly all household matters, from the roasting of a potato to the most elaborate cuisine preparation, and from the darning of a stocking to the making of a shirt, which, we believe, is one of the most trying undertakings that falls to the lot of womankind; and intermingles the pathetic with the humorous, and many useful recipes with personal and touching sketches.

By way of properly introducing her to our readers, we make the following extracts from some of her articles. Being seated at one of their meals, some one was speaking disrespectfully of one of her friends, which aggrieved her, and she thus relieves herself:

"Do take some more hot coffee, Tucker," said I, trying to choke him off from the subject. I was so vexed at the ill-disposed hulk of a fellow, that if I hadn't been a member in good standing in the regular Baptist church, I really believe I wouldn't have put a grain of sugar or a mite of cream in his coffee. As it was, I made his last cup just as good as I would have fixed it for Elder Nutt or Brother Jenkins, either.

These two last-named gentlemen seem to be quite favorites with her, and she frequently introduces them. On another occasion, one of her old friends, whom she calls Dassa, having become soured, had been saying ugly things about her, when she decided that the most Christian-like way would be to go and see her, and settle the difficulty in the best way she could. She says:

So I put on my calash and Bay State shawl and the Deacon's overshoes, and trudged off.

Dassa seemed a little shy when I went in. I said, "Dassa, I hear that you've been talking hard about me."

She blushed and looked down at her work and picked aimlessly at the specks on it.

"Do 'no' as have!" she said in a shamed way. Then I told her what I had heard; my voice trembled; it sounded thin and hurt, and full of pain to me.

I said: "Dassa Greenstreet, I don't see how you can wrong me in any matter whatever. I stood beside you all the long hours of the last night that your little Charlie lived on earth. I soothed him; I tried to comfort you. I sorrowed with you—so deeply, too, that no matter what you say or do I could not be made to hate you. Between us seems to come up that dear little coffin form. I see his yellow curls and his sweet mouth, and the roses gathered into his dimpled hands—and, oh, Dassa, Dassa, I only see you as his mother kneeling beside the coffin! Oh, woman, you may call me whatever you please, I do love you for the sake of that precious little angel, who, when dying, reached up and patted my face and wiped my tears, and tried to smile and make us think he was getting well. And when the agony of death seized him, how he comforted you by looking up and saying: "Mother, I love Jesus—I love Him!"

At this, Dassa, down whose face the tears had been streaming, shrieked out, and, springing forward, caught me in her arms and held me convulsively, sobbing out,

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me! You make me hate myself! You know I love you; you know I do! Oh, I seem to see Charlie every day, just as you laid the blessed little one in the coffin; and I think of you so kindly. But for all that I did talk about you. I don't know what made me do it—the devil, I guess—but, Pipsey, I did say that I thought Elder Nutt was in pretty slim business, running to Deacon Potts's so often; and that you was a stingy old thing, and would be a poor excuse for a minister's wife, with your catarrh and asthma and rheumatism and bald head. I did say it, and I've been angry with myself a hundred times since. I just felt as if I ought to confess all to you, and tell you how ugly I was, and how wicked and ungrateful. You're the very kindest woman I know, and that is the truth, and I don't want you to think hard of me. I've been having the toothache and neuralgia for as much as six weeks, and I've so much work to do, and it seems that everything goes wrong with me. I have felt cross and unlovable all the time," and the poor nervous woman sobbed as if her heart would break.

And there was Dassa's tear-wet face pressed up closely on my shoulder, as she shook with sobs; I did feel so sorry for her. I felt myself to be really mean, that I had come to her home and thrust this new trouble upon her. Oh, I might have known how it was! Why, any of us women, when sick, or troubled, or wearied, are apt to say very unjust things—we often stoop to the thoughtless utterance of very unwomanly words. We can't always stay away up on the delectable heights and bear exalted souls, and keep clear of the soil and snell of earth.

Well, after we had both cried awhile, we grew very kindly disposed, and talked the matter over, and I kissed her and she kissed me, and we both resolved that we would never henceforth allow any little gossip to find a lodgment in our hearts. If we heard something that annoyed or pained us we would make due allowance for all disturbing causes, as has been in this case of ours; and, as good Granny Greenstreet said, "let it go in at one ear, and out at t'other." I think this was a very sensible way of settling the affair. We do not always bear one another's burdens as we should do.

I happened to think of a cure for neuralgia that Aunt Patience told me when she visited here, and Dassa promised to try it the first time she had another attack. Aunt said that slices of raw red onions bound on over the seat of the pain and on the wrists are very effective.

Really, I was kind of glad I'd gone over to Dassa's. She wouldn't let me go home until I had tasted her nice bread and butter, with tea and honey and baked apples. This little breeze that blew up, did us all good. I told granny and the girls about it after I went home, and we all pitied Dassa, and fell to thinking of our own uncharitableness in cases of this kind, and of how ready we are to mete out judgment against others. How indignant we do become if our pride and self-esteem are touched—we who never do wrong—who could teach all men wisdom, if they would only listen to us. I often think what womanly women and manly men we all would be if we could only be stripped of this narrow, bigoted self-esteem, that so completely covers and enwraps us from head to foot, from dawn to dark—at home, at church—in sickness, in health—it permeates our lives, spiritual and physical. Can we hope to lay it all aside with the clothes we wear and the ceremonies that burden us, as we near the gates of the Golden City, whose maker and builder is God? We must.

I know that my attractions are few. I believe the tale told me by the little mirror that hangs beside my bedroom window. I stand before it sometimes and smile, but it is not the smile that answered back to me twenty years ago from the woodland spring above our home. The pearly teeth are gone; the hair has gone; and this painful catarrh hints at the ravages of disease hidden beneath the calm exterior. Pipsesway Potts is not the winsome Pipsey of other days. Well, well—I often think, if Elder Nutt, or any other lone, lorn, poor creature bereft of his partner, was to make love to me, it would not be because of any personal attractions of mine—it would be for something more solid than the mere beauty of eye or cheek or lip or form.

Now, particularly speaking, I do think I have a few substantial attractions that time, the destroyer, cannot efface. One is my excellent way of curing pork and beef! I can cure them beautifully.

We do not give the recipes, as they would not probably be interesting to our readers, further than to say that she directs "never to put pork in a barrel that has ever held beef, or you will lose it." She then proceeds:

Yesterday was Sunday. We all went down to the Willows to hear Brother Jenkins preach a sermon against feet-washing. I do say! Such a splitting of hairs as some of these overwise preachers make, is prodigiously simple. Brother Jenkins laid out as much physical strength as though he were tussling with an

athlete, and he mauled the pulpit with his fists as vigorously as though he had the arch-enemy, Satan, down under them. I was vexed, and I had a good chance to speak out my mind while we were going home.

Lily, a younger member of the family, had undertaken to do all the work for one week, and Pipsey asked:

"Why did you cook so much cabbage? The tureen is almost full yet."

"Well, you see," said the little economist, "I cooked lots of things, so that to-morrow, while we are ironing, and have a good fire, the dinner will get itself. I don't like to have the ironing all put aside for dinner and then resumed afterwards. A woman likes to get such a job done before dinner; if she don't, the last part of it is the hardest. You see that I cooked the cabbage so that when it is warmed over, it will be better than it was at first. I fixed it that good way that our little Dutch Katy used to, with cream and butter, and a trifle of water; then when it is nearly cooked, push it to one side of the kettle and dredge in a spoonful of flour. And, Pipsey, these cold mashed potatoes will be warmed over while we are ironing, and a rice pudding baked before the bread is light, and there is a nice plate of baked apples—don't you see the point, Pipsesway?" and then she flew at me, and tickled my sides and whirled me round and round as lightly as though I were dancing a jig. She likes to torment me and call me Pipsesway, the name that old Baptist deacon called me who came here one night, long ago, with Deacon Skiles. I suppose I shall never hear the last of it.

If you make the men's wear at home and are bothered about fits, or get "fits" yourself, I am sorry for you, and will tell you how I would manage them. It is hard to get a shirt to suit a man exactly. What will fit one man well, will hang like a bag on another, or choke him, or lift up his arms. I never had trouble fitting a shirt only about the neck, and at last I despaired and said it was impossible; but Ida and I counselled together, and the result was all that we could hope for. The shirt was made and finished, all, only about the neck, and we made the refractory fellow put it on and take a seat so we could reach him without standing tiptoe. We found that an extra gusset on each side was required before the band went on; that made a nice fit and brought the shirt just where it belonged. Since then we've had no trouble whatever. If the bosom pouches out, or the paper collar don't fit snugly on the band, or if it chokes, or pulls down on the shoulders, or any of these things, before you cut out the top of the bosom or do anything to the neck of it, have him try on the shirt and sit down and allow you your own time and judgment.

Nothing annoys a poor woman more than to have a man's eyes snap in anger over an ill-fitting shirt. She is very apt to retort; but this is not wise, for she can remedy the evil if she tries, and is patient, and follows the above directions.

DRUNKENNESS.—We have long been of the opinion that there is no permanent cure for this terrible disorder but the grace of God—pure, heart-religion, deeply fixed, conscientious, permeating the whole soul. A writer in a late number of Harper's Magazine, professing to be a physician, takes the same view. He says:

It is an affair of the body, and of the ultimate spiritual faculty which we call the will. In other words, drunkenness is a disease, and it is also a sin; therefore I must do for my patient all I can with my medicine to master his disease of body, and I must induce him to yield his will to the only Individual who has supreme mastery of the human will, and that is Jesus Christ. He was born, lived, died, rose again, for the sole purpose of saving us here and hereafter. I want to be scientific, which means exact. I have known drunkards saved as stated. Did you, reader, ever know one actually healed, and healed as long as he lived, upon any other treatment? In the sort of world this is, religion has no meaning to me except as a—SALVATION. Allow me to add that salvation means, to a practical man like myself, Christ the Omnipotent Saviour. The day is coming when people will no more think of laughing at the staggerings and maudlin sayings of a drunken person than they now think of being amused at the convulsions of paralysis or catalepsy.

TOBACCO.—Speaking of another person, the same writer says: "I am no fanatic as to the weed; but, where there was so little stamina to go upon, no one could see the young man with a cigar in his mouth and not know that he was consuming himself to ashes only a little more slowly than his cigar."

In consequence of the marriage of his daughter, a Rochester, (N. Y.) storekeeper placed a notice in the window of his store, informing the public that "This store is closed on account of some fun in the family."

SKETCH OF THE VILLAGE OF HADDONFIELD, NEW JERSEY, AND ITS REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

Revised, Corrected and Re-written for The Haddonfield Basket.

Haddonfield is one of the old towns of West New Jersey. In 1681 the Legislature passed an act for the laying out of a public highway from Burlington to Salem, to be one hundred feet wide. This was simply following the Indian trail from the one point to the other, perhaps straightening the same in a few places, and fixing the spots where bridges should be built across the streams. This was before any lands had been located in this section of the country, and hence persons in making surveys generally bounded them on the line of this road.

The tract located by Richard Mathews, was bounded on the west side by this highway, and that surveyed to William Lovejoy, lay on the easterly side. The first was purchased by John Haddon, in 1698, and the last by John Kay, in 1710—Francis Collins having previously made a survey adjoining that on the south-west. In 1713, John and Elizabeth Estangh (she the daughter of John Haddon) erected a dwelling-house a short distance from the road on land owned by her father, now owned by Isaac H. Wood, Esq.; and John Kay had his residence about the same time near Cooper's Creek, and managed a corn mill, then known as "Free Lodge Mill," now Evans'. Francis Collins had already settled on his land, where the Riley brothers now have a seminary. The building of the Friends' Meeting-house (1720), near the "King's Highway," and where the "Ferry Road" left the same, was, perhaps, the first of the embryonic village.

It is very evident the Indians had a settlement hereabouts, with considerable land under culture. In the political squabble between Daniel Cox and John Kay (1716), the election was held at the "great field," near John Kay's house, which doubtless has reference to the place where the town now stands.

The place of public worship, before referred to, having been selected by Friends as a place for Quarterly Meetings, it became necessary that some means of distinction should be had from others used for like purpose, and as it stood on John Haddon's land, and in the great Indian field, the name of Haddon's field was very appropriately chosen.

In 1722, the clerk of the Friends' meeting at Salem wrote it "Haddus fealds," being doubtless his first attempt at the spelling, and about the first of the name having been used at all.

Thomas Perry Webb (from Sutton, in Warwickshire, England) was perhaps the first blacksmith of the village, and had his shop near where the post-office now stands, and the first inn was built by Elizabeth Estangh, on the south side of Tanner street, lately taken down by Isaac H. Middleton, Esq. These necessary adjuncts to a village in New Jersey, were soon followed by other places of trade, and Haddonfield was soon known as one of the towns of the province, and has since retained its name through all the vicissitudes of time, without any attempt to improve upon or abandon it.

By slow steps the village increased in size, the original width of the King's highway (one hundred feet) in the main street being preserved, thus making it one of the most attractive in the State.

Until the year 1818, no other place of religious worship had been built than the Friends' Meeting-House, in which year the Baptists organized a church, and in the course of time was followed by other religious denominations.

Passing to the troubles between the mother country and her colonies in America, the inhabitants of Gloucester county, with but few exceptions, were found to be sturdy Whigs, and ready to show their attachment to the cause they had espoused by taking arms in its defence. They suffered much from the war, but adhered faithfully to their purpose, thus securing to themselves and their posterity the blessings of a free government.

Being near Philadelphia, the village was exposed to more than ordinary danger from marauding parties of soldiers and other dishonest hangers-on about an army.

The inhabitants were never secure with their horses and cattle, and their growing crops fell an easy prey to stragglers from the camps.

The house is still standing (now occupied by George W. Stillwell as a temperance hotel) where the Legislature sat for a short time, as that body had no abiding place on account of the active movements of the British troops.

The "Council of Safety" was organized in the same house March 18, 1777. This body was created by an Act of the Council and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, entitled "An Act for investing the Governor and a Council, consisting of twelve, with certain powers therein mentioned, for a limited time." The gentlemen selected were: John Cleves Symmes, William Patterson, Nathaniel Scudder, Theophilus Elmer, Silas Condict, John Hart, John Mehelm, Samuel Neick, John Combe, Caleb Camp, Edmund Wetherby, Benjamin Manning.

Governor William Livingston was president of the Board, and appears to have given the business relating thereto his special attention, as he was present at nearly all the meetings. Like the Legislature, this body was driven from place to place, always avoiding the enemy, however, and preserving their documents and the minutes of their proceedings. These consisted of five volumes, and by an act of the Legislature, in 1872, they were collected and printed in one book—creditable alike to the liberality of the Legislature as they are interesting to the people.

The Council had power to arrest persons suspected of attachment to the Royal cause; to try them, and imprison such as gave "aid and comfort thereto." In doing this, the military power was frequently called upon, and, in fact, a strong guard attended them on all occasions.

This body remained at Haddonfield only a few days after the organization, as, on the 26th of March, it was convened at Bordentown, Burlington county, but returned again to this place May 10. Afterwards it sat at Morristown and Princeton, and September 5 again at Haddonfield. Here it remained until the 25th of the same month, when a meeting was held at Burlington, and after that period in various towns in the northern part of the State until the act was repealed.

Much valuable information may be gathered from the minutes of their proceedings, and of which the present generation has no knowledge.

Two guard-houses were necessary to the safe-keeping of such as were under arrest, one of which still stands, opposite to the place of their deliberations, now occupied by Zebedee L. Tompkins, and the other recently owned and occupied by Dr. I. W. Heulings. A frame shop adjoining the last mentioned building was burned by the British troops during the war, intended as a beginning to a general conflagration in that part of the village, but stopped through the efforts of the residents.

The Friends' Meeting-House, (now down,) the largest building in the town, was occupied by both parties as a hospital, and many evidences of such use remained until the house was removed.

The advantages of room and ventilation made it a desirable place to care for the sick and wounded, strangely contrasting with the purposes for which it was built. In the place where sat those who professed and practiced non-resistance and passive obedience were found others whose weapons had been wet with the blood of their fellow-creatures; and where often was heard the voice of persuasion and love, inviting to repentance and peace, sounded the harsh commands of military authority, mingled with the clash of arms and the rush of angry men.

In the northern part of the old grave-yard was buried with military honors three British soldiers, killed in a skirmish on the Ferry road, near Wood's graper, and doubtless many others lie there who died in the meeting-house from wounds or disease.

The last encampment of the Hessian troops under Count Dunop, before the battle of Red Bank, was in Haddonfield. It was across the street near the residence of John Gill (where now stands the dwelling of John Gill, Esq.,) extending some distance into the fields. In this house Dunop had his head quarters, and although the owner was an elder among Friends, yet the urbanity and politeness of the German soldier so won upon him that he was kindly remembered ever

after. The inhabitants, however, suffered much from the depredations of the common soldiers, who wantonly destroyed their property and endangered their lives. The presence of an officer in a house was a protection against them, and every family sought out one, with the promise of good entertainment, that it might be saved from destruction. These troops regarded the American people as semi-barbarous, and that to destroy their property was nothing more than they deserved. The army, was in motion before daylight the next morning, and at the end of the town took a southerly course, crossing Clement's Bridge on the way to the battle-field.

J. C.

To be Continued.

A house without a tenant is not an agreeable sight, especially when it stands for months. It is very apt to depreciate in value as well as looks. Such is the case with the house formerly occupied and we believe owned by Dr. Comfort. We observe that the iron railing in front has fallen or been pressed against the cellar window of the basement, the bricks from the pavement falling into the area, and a gate-post prostrate.

A TEMPERANCE Convention of Women was held in Newark, N. J., on the 9th and 10th ult., at which a "Womens' Christian Temperance Union" for the State was organized, and a series of resolutions were adopted, the substance of which we give, as follows:

"That, whereas, intemperance enters into homes and destroys the peace of families, falling with untold misery upon the lives of women and their helpless offspring, it becomes the duty of the convention, as composed of Christian women, to adopt resolutions condemning the sale of ardent spirits."

They recognized the Gospel of Christ as the great agency to raise fallen humanity, and pledge the members of the Convention to do all in their power to eradicate the soul-destroying traffic.

They resolved to do no purchasing at stores where liquor was sold as a beverage.

They resolved also that they disapprove of the license law of the State, and will use their best endeavors to advance the cause of prohibition; and that they will throw all their womanly influence against the use of intoxicating liquors, etc.

They entreat the women everywhere to co-operate in this movement, by forming temperance unions, and meeting for prayer and divine guidance and help in their efforts.

District Attorney Mann, in announcing the death of Chief Justice Read, is reported to have said: "As a partisan he rightly believed and acted upon the statesmanlike principle that a want of fidelity to party is a crime second only to treason to one's country; for experience has shown us that he who is faithless to the one needs but the temptation and the opportunity to betray the other." Is this intended as a hard hit at some of his old republican friends who voted against him at the late election, by which he lost his office?

Judging from the results of the late elections throughout the country, there are a great many more people besides Mr. M.'s constituents, that do not accept his logic, as above enunciated. Adherence to party should continue only so long as that party has the confidence of the public, does righteously, and selects high-toned and honest men for office.

By a Correspondent—Translated from the German.

A nobleman and his lady were promenading along a country road, when their conversation happened to be the cares of life. The wife remarked that there was no man living that had no cares. The husband replied that he could find her many a farmer that was thoroughly without cares. At length they came across an old peasant who was in extra good spirits. The nobleman accosted him, and asked him whether he ever had any care or worryment.

"No, sir," said the peasant.

The lady turning to him, said, "Really none at all?"

"No, madam, never!"

"How is that?" said she. "Does not your wife and family ever cause any care?"

"O no," said he; "sometimes, when I come home a little tight, my wife gets to scolding me; but that is nothing."

Said the duchess, "Well, if my husband were to come home drunk, I think I should scold, too."

The peasant sidled up to the nobleman, and nudging him with his elbow, said, "I see your old woman is just such a shrew as mine!"

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Haddonfield, January 14, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications, to insure insertion in the *Basket*, should be accompanied by the name of the writer, or in some other way give us knowledge of personal responsibility.

T. H. A. offers to furnish Puzzles for the "Basket." All right; send them along, although we are not much versed in that kind of literature.

The number of houses in Haddonfield is 297, as we have been informed by persons who have had the curiosity to count them. This should give to the town a population of about 1300, supposing an average of four and a half to each house. Is it any wonder that we aspire to the honors and immunities of an incorporated city?

ATTENTION! — TOWN MEETING!
INCORPORATION!

At the suggestion of a number of the residents of this place, a Town Meeting is appointed to be held in the Town Hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 14, to consider the propriety of having the town incorporated. Let all who are interested in this matter attend, if they can, to hear the subject discussed, and then, if deemed best, to have Haddonfield erected into a corporation, with the act well guarded against extravagance and oppression, so let it be.

We have heard it intimated that some of the old streets, and even the Main street, is likely to be interfered with and "graded," after this corporation comes into existence, in which we have never been able to see a particle of good, but, on the contrary, a very great injury to the property that such "grading" would affect. Then again, if an expensive system of curbing and paving, should be one of the whims, it would be hard, unnecessary and oppressive to many property-holders.

The side-walks, however, are not what they ought to be; but we would leave it optional with each one to use boards, brick, stone or slate, (we prefer the boards; they are easily kept clean, and much preferable at this season of the year especially,) only make them connect properly, and leave no uneven or rough places. This and an efficient system of lighting the streets, is very desirable. Don't fail to attend this meeting.

CONCERTS, LECTURES.

As stated in our last number, the authorities of the Presbyterian Church of Haddonfield, had then arranged a series of Eight Entertainments to be given in their new building during the winter. The first one took place on the 29th ult., being a Concert by the Hayes Quartette, and was highly appreciated by a well filled house.

The next one was a Concert by the "Old Folks and New." It was given on Tuesday evening last, affording much gratification to a large audience. Among the subjects to be presented in the future, are "The Golden Shores of the Pacific," and "One Hundred Years Ago."

The programme for the future, as published, is as follows, all to be given on Tuesday evenings:

- A Lecture, by Ex-Governor Pollock, January 19.
- A Concert, by the Handel and Haydn Society, of Philadelphia, with Carl Schütz as leader, Jan. 28.
- A Lecture, by Rev. A. A. Willets, D.D., Feb. 2.
- A Lecture, by Hon. H. Armit Brown, Feb. 9.
- A Lecture, by Hon. A. K. McClure, Feb. 16.
- A Lecture, by Ex-Governor Curtin, Feb. 23.

The carrying out of this programme cannot fail to give much pleasure, instruction and enjoyment to all who may avail themselves of being present at so grand a series of intellectual feasts.

The Methodists had their usual Watch-night meeting on New Year's Eve, lasting till a few minutes past 12 o'clock, watching out the old year and welcoming in the new. The time was spent in singing, prayer, preaching and addresses, closing up with the beautiful and impressive "covenant hymn," containing, as it does, some very solemn vows—among them—

"The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind,
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his love behind."

This hymn is usually sung while the worshippers are upon their knees, and just as the new year comes in.

James Young, Esq., we see, has put up his sign in Haddonfield, as an Attorney at Law.

Grace P. E. Church had their Christmas Festival of Sunday Schools on Wednesday evening, Dec. 30. The church was well filled and the exercises were pleasant and interesting—consisting of singing by the Schools, including one hymn by the Infant School, an address by the rector, Rev. Mr. Murray, and the presentation of books. The children were allowed the choice of books—a bible, a prayer-book, hymnal, or, if they preferred, a "story-book." Each scholar was presented also with a horn of plenty, containing sweetmeats, taken from a large and well-laden Christmas-tree.

The Infant Sunday School of the M. E. Church had their Christmas Festival in a private dwelling, on the Wednesday afternoon after Christmas, where they were made happy by a liberal distribution of "good things" among them.

Miss Sallie Hillman held a Reception of her school on the 24th of last month. We are told it was a very pleasant and interesting affair, and that several of the scholars gave evidence in their recitations and readings of careful and successful culture. Quite a number of visitors were present, cards of invitation having been sent out.

A Christmas tree was a feature; a present to each scholar, and a handsome present to the teacher. Miss H. favored the company with the recital of "The curfew shall not ring to-night."

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP was performed in the Town Hall, in this place, on Saturday and Monday evenings, Jan. 2 and 4. The intention was, and so advertised, to give it on Friday and Saturday evenings, but owing to some disappointment in the transportation of the apparatus, the arrangement had to be changed.

The hall was full on both evenings of its performance, and those engaged in its exhibition certainly deserve great credit for the successful rendering of their parts. The mimicry was natural and good—perhaps a little overdone in one or two instances, but not sufficiently so to mar the effects.

Some of the incidents showed the inebriate in a very ludicrous light, and produced a good deal of hilarity on the part of the audience; but we confess, on the whole, we felt quite as much inclined to weep as to laugh (see article headed "Drunkenness," on first page,) when contemplating the sad results of the rum traffic, and saw depicted the regular descent of the young man from the bar-room, reeking with rum, curses and gambling, to the prison den and the mad-house, to die as a raving maniac, after a life of misery to himself, and subjecting his family to wretchedness and want, often against the most earnest pleadings of wife and children.

Any young man inclined to strong drink, ought to be effectually cured on seeing or reading this exhibition of its terrible consequences.

Among the numerous applications to be made to the Legislature this winter for acts of incorporation, we notice one—

For a Bank, to be located at Camden, with a capital of \$300,000.

For a Turnpike from Camden to Pine Grove; capital not to exceed \$5,000.

For a Printing and Publishing Company, with a capital of \$10,000. Location not given.

For a new Ferry from Camden to Philadelphia, with a capital of \$200,000.

For a Gas Company at Atlantic City, with a capital of \$100,000; also, Water Works, capital, \$100,000, with the privilege of increasing it not to exceed \$200,000.

For a Turnpike on the road leading from Haddonfield to Berlin. Capital, \$10,000.

How many people there must be endeavoring to make for themselves good, fat, easy offices.

The interference of the U. S. soldiery in the Louisiana Legislature is causing a good deal of anxiety and commotion throughout the nation—many deploring it as a dangerous precedent, whilst others approve.

The ice is getting heavy in the Delaware, but does not, as yet, much interfere with the crossing of the ferry boats between Camden and Philadelphia.

We once heard a clergyman abusing the devil at a terrible rate, saying he was not able sufficiently to express his disgust for him. The thought would obtrude itself upon the mind, how does that tally with the scriptural injunction, "Love your enemies."

MASONIC.—For the first time in our life, on the evening of the 22d of last month, we were in a Masonic Lodge during the transaction of business, and we are happy to say came out unscathed, although we observed a man standing at the door with what we took to be a dangerous looking weapon of warfare. The goat, as well as other implements of torture, we were told, would be locked up on this particular occasion, and we might, therefore, safely venture to be present.

The occasion of this meeting was the installation of officers of the Lodge who had been previously elected. The ceremonies were interesting and impressive, opening with prayer by Rev. J. Stiles.

The installing officer was P. M. John S. Stratford.

Grand Marshal, P. M. Seth Thomas.

The Grand Marshal presented the candidates and invested them with the insignia of their respective offices, the presiding officer reading the charges.

The officers installed for Haddonfield Lodge, No. 130, were: John W. Swinkler, Worshipful Master; J. Morris Roberts, Senior Warden; H. Clay Webster, Junior Warden; Edw. S. Huston, Treasurer; P. M. Edw. W. Reeve, Secretary; Francis Tyler, Chaplain; H. D. Moore, Senior Deacon; James Flinn, Junior Deacon; Geo. D. Stuart and John S. Doughty, Masters of Ceremonies; C. H. Hodgkins and Joseph Kain, Stewards; H. P. Cline, Tyler.

This business being over, Rev. Mr. Stiles was invited to deliver an address, which he proceeded to do in his usually happy and eloquent manner. He spoke of the institution as a noble one, and wished every man belonged to it. He gave several instances where distress and suffering had been quickly relieved, and destitute or orphan children provided for, by the order. But at the same time it was highly improper and imprudent for any one to assert that it could take the place of the church, or that its teachings alone would ever qualify its devotees for heaven; and that man could have salvation only through the sufferings, death and atonement of Christ, the Redeemer and Saviour.

He took the opportunity, also, to give strong testimony in favor of temperance, and against the rum business.

At the close of the address and prayer, the audience, quite a large one, male and female, were dismissed with the benediction.

We observed one peculiarity in the proceedings. As soon as the meeting was opened for business, the presiding officer put on his hat and kept it on during the time he was in the performance of his duties. There is, probably, some significance attached to this peculiarity, but we will not tell what it is. We trust this will not be considered as revealing one of the secrets of the order.

The third Annual Report of the Hammononton Building Association makes a good exhibit. The shares in the aggregate have increased in value some \$1200.00 over their par value, and the assets are represented to be about \$12,300, with no liabilities.

The net profits of the Bridgeton Centennial, \$2,079 92. Atlantic City is to have a new City Hall.

Two additional trains have been placed on the West Jersey Railroad—one at 4.30 P. M. and one at 11.30 P. M. The Camden and Atlantic Railroad Co. are substituting the new T rail for the old rail on their entire road.

The Atlantic City Review says: "75 cents per pair is what Philadelphia sportsmen pay for their game. They then expatiate upon the sport of "duck-shooting."

Among winter fashions it is noted that Russian sables are much worn by ladies whose husbands have recently become bankrupt.

At a place not far from Jackson, Burlington county, a man keeps whiskey for sale. Another man went to sleep there on a settee one night lately, and was found dead at four o'clock the next morning. Congestion of the brain is said to be the cause. We don't doubt it.

MARRIED.

On the 31st December, at the residence of the bride's brother, Dr. N. B. Jennings, by Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Abram W. Wagon, of Staten Island, to Miss Abigail Jennings, of Haddonfield.

DIED.

Suddenly, in Haddonfield, on the 20th Dec., Miss Annie Snowden, daughter of the late Jos. Snowden, and sister of Leonard Snowden.

At Berlin, N. J., on the 3d inst., Mrs. Lucinda M. Leach, aged 74 years.

At Berlin, on the 8th inst., Jesse Peterson, in the 78th year of his age.

In Camden, on the 7th inst., Philip J. Gray, aged 77. He was well known for many years as editor and publisher of a newspaper in Camden.

Recently, Sarah Abbotson, widow of John Abbotson, and Elijah Birdsell, aged persons of Berlin.